IN 6 CAP AND UNIFORM 1949



65

CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL



FIDE ET FIDUCIA

(By Faith and Courage)



DEDICATION



R. R. Hughes, M.D.

SINCE the days of Hippocrates the practice of Medicine has been built upon the ideals of service and sacrifice. To these have been added an ever increasing mountain of knowledege and skills. It is the doctor's duty to focus these on one individual and with due regard for the complexity of the patient's being, to assist him back to physical and mental health.

Fully aware of these problems and responsibilities, Dr. Hughes has helped to establish the position of the family physician in this community. Never forgetting to treat the patient as well as the disease and always willing to aid with their personal problems and conflicts, he has written his name deeply in the "fleshy tablets" of many hearts.

During his 37 years of practice in Calgary Dr. Hughes has won the respect of those who know him. As the true family doctor he is always willing to meet the challenge of this position with untiring energy and patience. He gave generously of his time to instruct the nurses in this hospital. His attitude of respect and understanding always wins their loyalty. His work on the staff of the hospital, the Cancer Clinic, and the Calgary Medical Society Executive demonstrates his public spirited service and the confidence of his associates.

It is with pleasure that we dedicate this volume to Dr. Hughes, a physician and friend.



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NURSES' RESIDENCE

THE life of a Student Nurse is centered around two main factors; her work and her acquaintances in the Nurses' Home.

In this edition of our Year Book we wish to take you, our friends and relations, on a tour throughout the hospital and residence and try to give to you a picture of our duties and pleasures during our three years of training.

To begin with, we will take you on a short trip through the Nurses' Home.

Our lobby is for the convenience of our friends whom, after asking the Home Matron if they may see Miss ———, sit here and wait. Finally after what seems to be hours of wondering if there is any connection between this outer room and the inside, we come along and cheerfully inform them that we were late getting off duty or the lecturer went overtime.

To continue, the large sections you see lining the walls are made especially for our mail and our class books. The corridor leading to the right goes to our demonstration room and lecture hall. The walls of the lecture room are decorated with nick-nacks to resemble the normal human's innards and the pictures show the disease apart from the normal.

One day I told a fellow we had a skeleton in the closet and he laughed heartily. I wonder if he would laugh if he got the chance to open the closet door? You see "Oscar" is getting old now and squeeks considerably when his bones aren't rattling.









Miss Casey

Miss Cannon

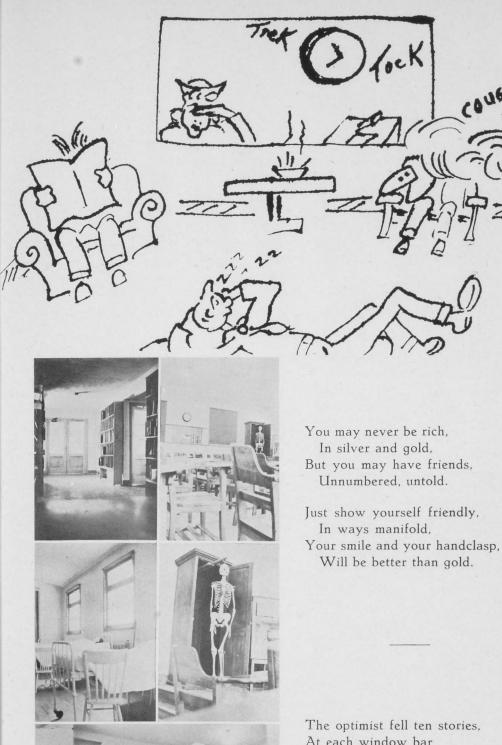
Mrs. Whitlaw

Everything from cleaning to the various treatments is learned here before actually practiced on wards.

Across the hall are the instructress' offices. The student nurses reside in three different blocks: A, B, and D. Here we store our trunks under our beds, cram our closets full and decorate our rooms to look like a welcome place to relax and talk over everything in general with our best friends. Our life changes when we come in training; we get up at 6:00 a.m. instead of 8:00; we eat in the cafeteria instead of a breakfast nook, and we make friends of people we have never contacted before in our community life. These people become closer and dearer to us than we realize, and when we move over to "D" block to spend our last year in single rooms, we find ourselves habitually congregating in one room or another. Just like sisters we argue over the Juniors' initiation, plan the Christmas dance, what will we wear, how we will do our hair, look forward to the end of classes and graduation, and spend many a night at home studying and having a night with the girls.

And then when we are finished we stand at the door and look back to three years never to be repeated or forgotten for—

They say life is a highway and its milestones are the years, And now and then there's a toll gate where you pay your way with tears, It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and far, But it leads at last to a Golden Town where Golden Houses are.



The optimist fell ten stories At each window bar He shouted to his friends: "All right so far!"

COUGE



As we go through life, each one of us learns that we never get dizzy doing good turns.

When you point your finger accusingly at someone else, remember you have three fingers pointing at yourself.

If you hope for pleasant things to turn up, keep the corners of your mouth that way.

Smile: a light in the window of the face which shows that the heart is at home.

When a friend is in trouble, don't annoy him by asking if there is anything you can do. Think up something appropriate, and do it.













JUNIORS 1949

My life shall touch a dozen lives

Before this year is done,

Make countless marks for good or ill,

Ere sets the evening sun.

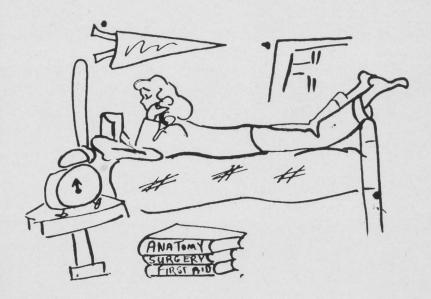
So this the thought I always think,

The prayer I always pray:

"Lord, may my life bless other lives

It touches by the way."

-Gillilan.









I. E. Altwater V. G. Andrews M. V. Bohnet



L. M. Carter



M. M. Dahl



B. G. Garland



H. R. Garside



S. M. Gerlitz



L. M. Gilmor



D. E. Green



M. L. Johnson



B. J. Johnston



M. R. Kemp



J. C. Lee



M. Miller



C. N. Pascal



D. I. Pearse



M. L. Rande



F. A. Recknell



J. B. Spence



E. Taylor



J. Waterhouse



M. E. Wheatley



D. Woolf



R. A. Wiley

Fourteen



C. D. Marles

C. E. Moore

A. R. Neal





C. V. Norris J. E. Palmer

Fifteen











B. E. Parsons

J. M. Pilkington

M. N. Rapson

P. M. Robinson

M. L. Sandercock









Y. Sandercock

W. M. Silverberg

D. E. Tinney

J. C. Tysdale

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
And the road you're travelling seems all up-hill;
When funds are low and debts are high,
And you want to laugh but you have to sigh;
When cares are pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must—but don't you quit.

INTERMEDIATES 1949

If times are hard and you are blue
Think of others worrying too.

Just because your trials are many,
Don't think others haven't any.

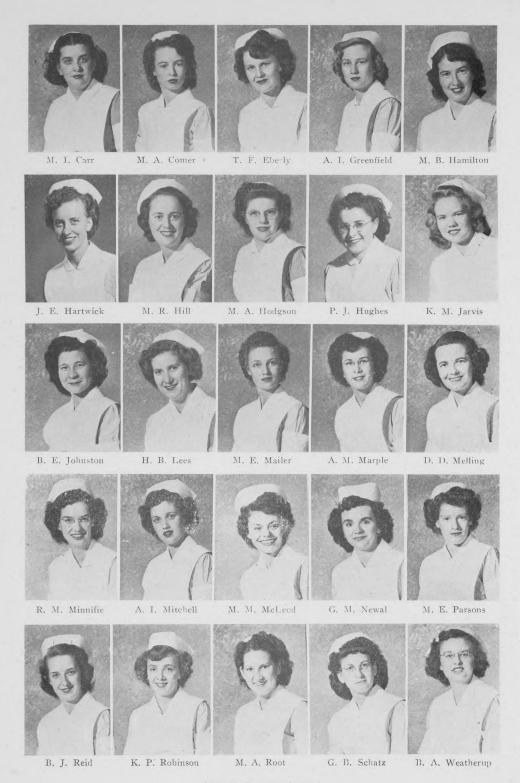
Life's made up of smiles and tears,
Joys and sorrows, mixed with fears;

And though to us it seems one-sided
Trouble is pretty well divided.

If we could look in every heart,
We'd find that each one has its part

And those who travel fortune's road
Sometimes carry the biggest load.





Miss V. Florence Omitted



A. D. Sangster

R. B. Saisons

B. Schneider Nineteen



J. S. Swanson



K. M. Walker



F. E. Wideman

W. L. Williams

LECTURE IN — —

I know I should be studying But find I'm sleeping instead I plod away, my head is nodding And I'd rather be in bed The room is quiet, there is no sound. I rouse! - Oh. dear. - Am I the victim That last question was directed round? But lo-behold-my eyes are wide It's my neighbor on the other side. What ho! Oh no, but that one's gone, I knew 'twas me all along, Repeat la question Sil vous plait, I'll answer up without delay, What makes us tick—the middle part? And what is the fate of a school girl's heart? Ah me-I yawn and sigh And then I take another try. The hovering cloud has passed along, It wasn't as bad as I let on, We may pretend its all in vain, That you talk on the same refrain, Yet each and every one of us In spite of grumbles and a lot of fuss, Are grateful for this and every course To the doctors—or other source That brings to us from day to day Knowledge to store, and ponder and weigh. Thank you, kind sir, for your lectures divine, I surely do hope that I pass mine.

-R. Tindal.

GRADUATING CLASS 1949

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave, There are souls that are pure and true, Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow, A strength in your utmost need, Have faith, and a score of hearts will show Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind And honor will honor meet; And a smile that is sweet will surely find A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave, 'Tis just what we are and do; Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you.

-Madeline Bridges.





SPRING SECTION

FAY BROWN—1611 2nd Street N.W., Calgary, Alberta. Frequently seen marking roll call for lectures.

JANE DAVIDSON — 2930 Albert Street, Regina, Sask. Our petite blonde that shows us the latest fashions.

WILLA DAVIES—Lloydminster, Sask. Is she as quiet as she appears?

IRENE EPP—Naco, Alberta. We have yet to see her hair out of place.

BETH GIBSON—Oyen, Alberta. Here's a thanks to our Class President.

EDITH GRAY — Balzac, Alberta. Who wouldn't mind regaining consciousness and seeing Eddie there?

VIOLET HARPER—2436 1st Street S.E., Calgary, Alberta. The happy-go-lucky gal of our class,

GWEN HARTWICK—High River, Alberta. To her who beguiled our money from us.





LITA JACKSON—Milo, Alberta. We think she has one of the nicest pair of eyes at the General,

EILEEN LAWRENCE — Rowley, Alberta. "Red" can be proud of her crowning glory.

MARJORIE LOVE—Vulcan, Alberta. Has the quality of making the serious sublime.

DONNA McGEE—Innisfail, Alberta. Lover with the "bubbling" laugh.

KAY MITCHELL—Turner Valley, Alberta. Her upsweep is always neat which can't be said for all.

LOIS NELSON—Bentley, Alberta. The gal who always manages to keep her room neat.

AUDREY "A. J." OLIVER — Midnapore, Alberta. Always neat and gracious.

JEAN ORO—Clive, Alberta. She's genuine with a good heart and head.





CONNIE PAPWORTH — 1603 Broadview Road, Calgary, Alberta. Considered one of the beauties of our class.

MARY PODWYSOCKI—1119 10th Street East, Calgary, Alberta. May Mary go far with her intelligence and heart of gold.

DOREEN PRENTICE—Medicine Hat, Alberta. You should see her do her gymnastics.

MILDRED RINQUIST — 88 5th Avenue, Yorkton, Sask. Her evening's entertainment is the envy of all.

YVONNE SALMOND—3308 College Ave., Regina, Sask. A perfect counterpart to Janie's fairness.

VIVIAN SIMONS—Innisfail, Alberta. Has the "voice" of the class.

HAZEL SUFFERN — Penhold, Alberta. She's not as quiet as she sometimes looks.

RUTH TINDALL — Champion, Alberta. Expresses her thoughts well in poetry.





FALL SECTION

HELEN ANDERSON — 1023 12th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta. We don't think she'll be going skiing for a while again.

HELEN BEATTIE — White Bear, Sask. She'll tell you where Saskatchewan is if you don't know.

BETTY CLEVELAND—Dalemead, A'berta Says she'll like the Coast better than the farm.

MURIEL CORNISH — Nanton, Alberta.

She of the cute hair-do and the quick feet.

HELEN DUNHAM—Vulcan, Alberta. Has a quick and ready laugh.

JEAN ENGEMON -- 2228 27th Avenue S.W., Calgary, Alberta. Has faithfully fought for many of our class ideals.

NORMA GILCHRIST — Alliance, Alberta. Has a great interest in books and people.

RUTH HAIGH—71 Dunford Road, R.R. 1, Langford, Vancouver Island. Cute with her hair up or down.





MARIORIE HATT—2109 17th Street W., Calgary, Alberta. Marj. is sterling silver in our opinion.

DOREEN HIND — 736 Boulevard N.W., Calgary, Alberta. Has been wonderful in our student body.

ARLENE HOLLIS — Drumheller, Alberta. Have you seen her with her hair down?

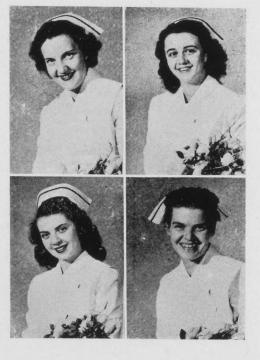
PAT JACKSON — 527 13th Avenue East, Calgary, Alberta. Easily recognizable in a crowd by her laugh.

ANNE JOHNSON—Nanton, Alberta. Makes wonderful coffee and fudge in our kitchen.

GWEN JONES — 1716 25a Street West, Calgary, Alberta. Is setting a good example for her sister to follow.

PAULINE LAZO—520 14th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta. The artist—her cartoons are good too.

HAZEL LOEWEN — Swalwell, Alberta. One of our best nurses with a good heart, one of gold.





JEAN MORRIS — 1133 6th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta. Right up there in our beauty parade.

JERRITA McKINNON — 605 15th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta. Small in size but right in there pitching.

JESSIE PHILLIPS—380 12th Street, Medicine Hat, Alberta. Another of our red heads with something underneath it.

IRENE PINDER — Macleod, Alberta. Always has a song on her lips.

ANN PURDIE — 2708 10th Street West, Calgary, Alberta. Immaculate and always in fashion.

DOROTHY RASMUSSEN — Verlo, Sask. Another small one but makes up for it in speed.

EVA ROBERTS — 1445 15th Street East, Calgary, Alberta. Who's manning the rudder now?

EILEEN SCARLETT — Innisfail, Alberta. She's not as quiet as you may think.





KAY SCHMIDT — Alsask, Alberta. She of the smiling eyes and dark hair.

ALICE SHEPPARD — Turner Valley, Alberta. She's sweet and true, a better friend we never knew.

LAVERNE STAPLES — 913 1st Avenue N.W., Calgary, Alberta. Has executive ability and "go to it-ness" that few possess.

JEAN STATES—R.R. 4, Qualicum Beach, B.C. Is headed for B.C. when she gets through.

MARJORIE THORBURN — Sceptre, Sask. Frequently heard saying, "Do you know what happened today?"

VIOLET CLAXON — 1317 11th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta. Very quiet outside of the Ponoka trio.

MURIEL McLELLAN — 1720 9th Street West, Calgary, Alberta. Has the gift of making people laugh, which some of us lack.

JOAN ROUND - 3226 Vercheres Street. Calgary, Alberta. Has fitted well into our class.



VALEDICTORY FOR YEAR BOOK



FOR three years we have looked forward to this time of Graduation. When we commenced our training as preliminary students, three years seemed a lifetime to us; but now, as we look back, we recall happy memories which in reality have made this time pass all too quickly.

Our first days on wards were mixed with feelings of confusion and uselessness and we wondered where the knowledge that we thought we had gained, during our preliminary studies, had gone. Our first hypos, first bed bathes, carrying dinner trays and even fixing flowers, were major operations to us.

At the beginning of our second year, the hospital routine was becoming more familiar to us and our work more interesting. We found ourselves scrubbing for tonsils in the O.R., brechting premies on Mat., and cleaning the stove after the chocolate syrup had boiled over in the Diet Kitchen.

With our senior year we learned the responsibilities of giving medicines, checking order books and having "charge" of a floor on nights. Now, too, with the completion of our courses, we have learned the true meaning of study.

Now with all this talk of work and study let us not forget the moments of recreation and relaxation which we so enjoyed, our hayride, our banquet, and our Christmas dance are but a few of the highlights which brought us closer in body and in spirit.

So now, with mingled feelings of pride and self-assurance, knowing that we have been given a training of high standing, we are ready to leave our "School" to take our places in the various fields of nursing.

My classmates join me in thanking the Teaching Staff and the Supervisors for their patience and understanding which have made our stay here more enjoyable.

-Vivian Simons.

OUR PONOKA AFFILIATES

Miss Claxon Miss McLellan Miss Round

REQUEST THIS SPACE TO SAY—

We, the P. M. H. Affiliates, would like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to C.G.H. Incorporated for two years, ah!

Hopper rooms?

Bed pans?

Cleaning?

One cookie please?

Neatness and tidiness?

Dr.'s Room?

Quickly, Quickly?

Anatomy reviews?

Hurry child?

Yes, all these memories and many more.

To the students, we would like to give our special thanks for their understanding and friendship never to be forgotten.

But oh, if grief thy steps attend,

If want, if sickness be thy lot,

And thou require a soothing friend,

Forget me not! Forget me not!



Beth Gibson President



Jean Engemon Secretary



Doreen Hind Vice-President

Gwen Hartwick Treasurer





J. Davidson D. Prentice H. Durham Entertainment



Mary Podwysocki M. Cornish M. Hatt Adjustment



Vivian Simons E. Gray H. Anderson Sick Committee



L. Staples Editor



H. Lowen Assistant Editor



P. 1.azo Mounting & Cartoons Committee: G. Jones, J. Morris

N. Gilchrist

Literary Committee: M. Thorburn



Business Manager



J. Engemon Assistant Manager



EDITORIAL

A. Johnson Photography

Committee. M. Cornish H. Dunham



P. Jackson Advertising

Committee. M. Hatt, J. Phillips

May We Introduce . . .

OUR PROBATIONERS

Armstrong, Edith Elaine	2718 16th Street East, Calgary, Alta.	
Barclay, Ann Margaret	1811 12th Avenue West, Calgary, Alta.	
Barke, Marie Cecile	708 17th Avenue N.W., Calgary, Alta.	
Bereziuk, Julia Stella	Wayne, Alta.	
Bjornebo, Irene	1703 11th Avenue West, Calgary, Alta.	
Breach, Shirley Phyllis	Turner Valley, Alta.	
Bureau, Kathleen Olga	475 12th Street N.W., Calgary, Alta.	
Clark, Corrine Marie	222 11th Avenue N.W., Calgary, Alta.	
Curr, Beulah Phyllis	Lacombe, Alta.	
Dickson, Barbara McLean		
Ekstrand, Greta Mona L.	601 12th Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alta.	
Ellis, Audrey Adelaide	Hubalta, Alta.	
Fowler, Dorothy Pearl	High River, Alta.	
Goodwin, Gladys Elyne	Lousana, Alta.	
Hunt, Marjorie Lilian	Blackfalds, Alta.	
Knight, Shirley Anne	1611 32nd Avenue S.W., Calgary, Alta.	
Leach, Mary Belle	1026 15th Avenue West, Calgary, Alta.	
Moeller, Maxine Amanda	Senate, Sask.	
Montgomery, Betty Kathleen	Blackie, Alta.	
Moritz, Betty Jean	Olds, Alta.	
MacCallum, Donna Jean	Gleichen, Alta.	
Peel, Shirley Joan	3338 8th Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alta.	
Pollock, Ruth Mildred	Sturgis, Sask.	
Rankin, Elsie Ellen		
Redgewell, Lois Mary		
Reist, Florence Elvera	Didsbury, Alta.	
Scott, Theresa Margaret		
Wickner, Ruby Christina	Conrich, Alta.	
Widdis, Roma Sinclair		
Wood, Mary Jean		
Zawasky, Betty	Chinook, Alta.	
T	hirty-three	

OUR PLEDGE

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischevious, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling.

With loyalty will I endeabor to aid the physician in his work, and debote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

HOSPITAL





First East

Miss Tinney

Miss Bennett

WE will enter the hospital through the ambulance entrance. This entrance is perhaps better known to the staff than the visitors because through this door pass the nurses going on and off duty and all discharged patients.

Here our tour starts on First East. This floor is entirely Medical patients. Now Medical (according to the dictionary) is an adjective which means—pertaining to or connected with medicine. We see that medicine is the science which relates to the treatment and alleviation of disease. We have doctors now who were formerly termed as medicine men. According to said same dictionary, medicine men are found among certain tribes, such as the North American Indians and are conjurers who profess to drive away evil spirits or disease by magical arts.

If you worked on First East you would know that medical patients are not treated these days by magical art. Here the doctors test the patients for everything from reflexes to heart palpitations. Then they take all their findings and carefully make a diagnosis. The patient is now treated with everything from medicines to hot and cold applications. Several men work day and night in laboratories to discover the exact effect of all these treatments. And so the job of the doctor becomes a tremendous task.

Here in First East we learn what this task is and how to appreciate it.













TRIBUTE

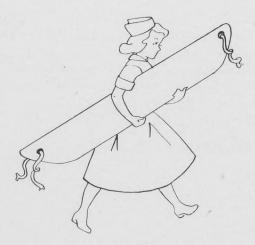
A building fair, set on a hill That overlooks a river's flow. Haven of rest for all the ill Of the busy city—far below.

There ceaselessly, the nurses toil To make man's life a happier span. Sometimes with praise, but oft reproach Though putting forth the best they can.

Can man not search his heart, and find The beauty of their selfless task?

—And having found, ne'er more be blind To questions that he need not ask.

In words of gold, for all to see, Despising not the sufferer's call. Devotion—Faith—Fidelity, The Nurse exemplifies them all!



Thirty-six











The Pharmacy

The Pharmacy is our second stop. Here, under the careful supervision of Miss McCaffere, our druggists fill bottles, all sizes and shapes, with aromatic solutions, and boxes with pills, some of which are too big to swallow and some too small, getting lost in that hollow in our teeth. Whether it's a pill or a solution or an injection, it must come from here.

May we take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks for your help and patience during our three years of training.





The Laboratory

The Laboratory is next on our list. If we step inside we will see tubes, basins and specimens of all kinds. Here is where they bring the blood for counts, cultures, etc.

When we are looking for Dr. Mc-Latchie we can usually find her here in her office.

To you, Dr. McLatchie, and to your staff of Technicians, we would like to say "Thanks for Everything".



Miss Rogers

Ward Nine

Aside from the emergencies rushed to this ward and the daily stream of patients, going to and from the Operating Room or regaining consciousness from the various Anaesthetics we think this poem written by a patient, expresses our life on Ward Nine.

HOSPITAL LIFE

It's just one round of bed pans,
The whole long day it seems,
You wash your face a million times,
Till it is bright and clean.

And when they bring your breakfast,
And forgotten half the things.

'Tis the nurse, who hears you holler,
And knows just what to bring.

Their faces wreathed in smiles,
As they listen to your groans,
And I bet that all the while,
They would really like to moan.

And yet their hands are softest, When you are sick, indeed, They say sweet words of kindness, And fill your every need. They stick your skin with needles, And stuff you full of pills, Until you stop and wonder Why you didn't write your will.

"Your doctor's here", your nurse does say, And in he walks so quietly, "Stick out your tongue," he says to me,

"You'll have to say for another day."

If kill or cure their motto,
It works just fine, you see
It's not our feelings they're hurting,
And they wouldn't like it to be.

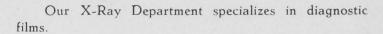
We holler if they're early,
Also if they're late,
It seems like in the hospital
It's just a matter of fate.

QUIET-RESTING





X-Ray



Here they photograph the head or the feet or anything in between. Of course they don't X-Ray the patients from head to toe, but they skillfully bring out the bones or organs requested by the doctor.

By these films the Physicians and Surgeons are enabled to treat specifically any disease, disorder or fracture.

May this page in our year book express to Dr. Symington and the X-Ray Staff, our sincere appreciation for the guidance and knowledge we have obtained from working with them.

I've shut the door on yesterday,
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and heartaches.
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hope and smiles.
And every springtime bloom.

No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain,
And worry, malice and distrust
Shall never therein reign.
I'll shut the door on Yesterday
And throw the key away—
Tomorrow holds no doubts for me
Since I have found Today.















Miss Beyak



Miss Farbacher

Children's Ward

"Visiting hours 2 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. Just one visitor to a patient please. Would you please wait in the Waiting Room?" That's right—this is Children's Ward.

Down the corridor echoes that familiar question, "Nurse, when will my Mummy come?" "I want to go home." But soon the kiddies realize that a hospital isn't the horrid place they've heard about, and that nurses are capable of love and affection as well as giving medicinal injections.

Gown, mask, basins with dettol and water, paper towels—let us move on—that was Isolation.

The curtains are drawn aside, so through the window let us take a peek at the tiny tots in the nursery, sleeping, playing, laughing, and crying, as the gowned nurse goes back and forth feeding, changing, and loving them. Oh—Oh! What's that? Even the little ones recognize her with her penicillin syringe, but it must be done.

Here's the form kitchen, where all the babies' formulae are cooked and poured, and where at night the fudge is cooked. No?

Steam kettles, oxygen tents, semi-fowler beds. This must be the pneumonia room.

By patient care, by love and kindness, by exact feedings, by medicines and treatments, the little one are cared for.

We may not understand nor see
Into the depth and mystery
Of pain bearing and tear,
Yet through the suffering of kiddies dear
In us the flowers of sympathy
Spring up and scatter everywhere.







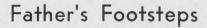












A father and his tiny son Crossed a rough street one stormy day. "See, papa", cried the little one
"I stepped in your steps all the way".

Ah, random childish hands that deal Quick thrusts no coat of steel could stay. It touched him with the touch of steel: 'I stepped in your steps all the way".

If this man shirks his manhood due, And heeds what lying voices say, It is not one who falls, but two,
"I stepped in your steps all the way".

But they who thrust off greed and fear, Who love and watch, who toil and pray; How their hearts carol when they hear, "I stepped in your steps all the way".

















Miss D. Ford

Miss I. Pierce

Miss E. Jameson

Miss Vesterdal

Miss Richardson

Maternity

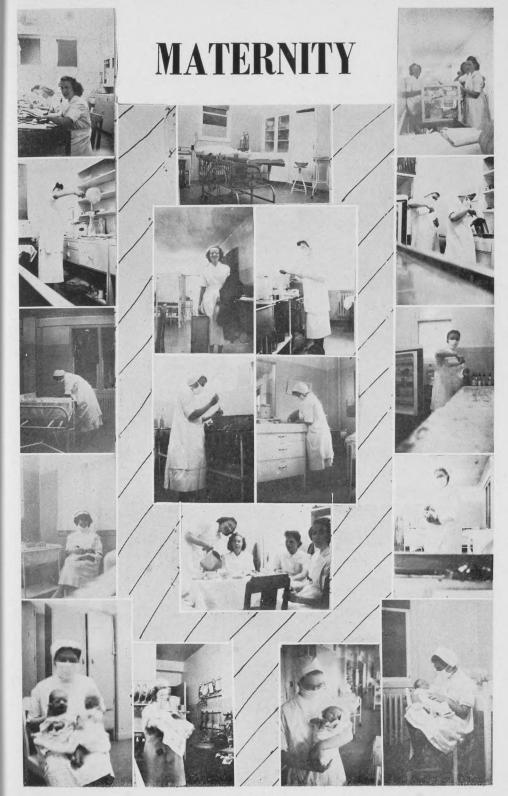
The second floor of the PERLEY PAVILION is entirely Maternity cases. As we look around we are impressed by the long shining corridors.

This ward is divided into three sections: The Ward, The Nursery, The Case Rooms.

Let us now observe the Ward. According to Mrs. Smith—"The day begins at 6:00 a.m. sharp (maybe a little earlier) with a face wash—at seven, temperature, pulse and respiration—7.30, breakfast—8.00 a.m., baths, etc. About 9.15 we hear the rumble of the carriers. Oh, there comes Junior, isn't he a dear; you know, nurse, I think he is growing. What, time for him to go back to the nursery so soon? The remainder if the morning is spent writing letters, reading books, or finishing the white booties with blue ribbons provided you are fortunate enough not to have the nurse come around and help you exercise, or sit in a chair. By now it is lunch time and we certainly are hungry.

This routine is repeated approximately three times each day, and our friends break the monotony by visiting us between the hours of 2.00-3.00~p.m. and 7.30-8.30~p.m. each day.

The nurses bustle about, scattering cheeriness as they go, and making our stay in hospital as pleasant as possible."



Forty-three

Maternity Nursery

After donning cap, mask and gown and a five minute scrub up at the nursery sink, we fill our day with weighing, changing, bathing, changing, feeding and changing babies.

And that doesn't sound bad, but when Junior Jones loses half an ounce and Sunny Tufts won't take her ba-ba and Mr. Baby Brown is a problem—you really feel you've accomplished things no end when these little difficulties are settled.

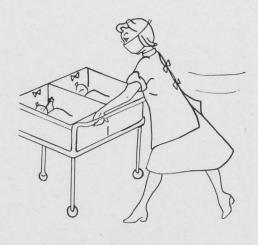
Then you have the honor of caring for the premature babies. Nursic beware, as two lbs. Butch or three and a half lb. Betty Lou are Miss J's pride and joy and please, Dear Lord, make them gain.

The nursery nights are one of the never-to-be-forgotten, you know the kind. How, after a night's work when you think "Ah! Soon I can rest", the case room presents you with 4, 5 or 6 little bundles of joy. Why baby! You really are nice, now that I see you when your face is clean, says I to myself at 7 a.m.

Thus from day to night it goes. Every day you lose your heart to some six or seven mothers who take your babies, their pride and joy out into the wide, wide world—their homes.

Often heard, sung by the Nurse or Premies, To tune of "The Best to You".

Your brecht to you May my dreams come true Gain an ounce or two When the day is through And through the night Keep your weight all right In the early morn Please take all your form And then one day When your weight's O.K. "Maw" (Miss Jameson) will send you home Never more to roam But remember this Through our toil and bliss WE gave this-Your brecht to you.





Miss Munro Supervisor

Second West

We think this medical floor is best described by this poem, sent to us by a former patient . . .

A TRIBUTE

(To My Nurses in the Calgary General Hospital)

My Doctor came to visit me And pulled a solemn face! Said he: "For you the Hospital Is just the only place!"

I knew 'twas useless to protest So not a word I said; And ere I knew just what was what Why,—there I was—in bed!

A dozen pretty nurses came And fluttered round about— They each had different treatments" Which they wanted to try out.

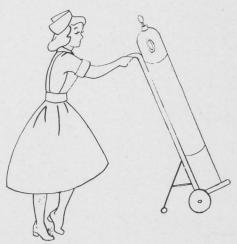
They stuck me full of needles — They filled me up with pills— They X-Rayed me until they found The cause of all my ills.

They stole my blood and made with it A microscopic slide—
Then they planked me on a trolley And "took me for a ride".

They waked me for new "treatments" Each time my eyelids closed—
"Twas always time for "temperatures" If ere, by chance, I dozed!

They starved me to a skeleton— They fed me till I burst— Of all the various "treatments" I don't know which was worst.

And yet, withal, they were so kind That this to me is plain—
If I, once more, am taken sick, I'll come right back again!!!



Admitting Office

The first to see them enter—
The last to see them go—
They're the people who admit them
And discharge them you know.

May we take this opportunity to say that—

Although at times we grumble— And make a lot of fuss We really are grateful For all you do for us And when you phone us to report 'The duplicates' we've forgotten to bring We may be hurried but we are sorry We necessitated the ring And when we bring a patient down We--just take him for the ride-It's you who figure out the bill From columns broad and wide And maybe some day in the future When our span on earth is done And we approach the "Pearly Gates" We'll find that you're the ones St. Peter has chosen to calculate If he should or should not admit one.



Training School Office



Miss Hebert Superintendent of Nurses



Miss MacDonald Night Supervisor



Miss Ross



Miss Hicks



Miss Crawford



Miss Quantz



Miss Follett M Teaching Staff



Miss Ellard



Miss Porteous Clinical Supervisor



Miss Connal Instructress of Nurses

We, the Graduating Class of 1949, wish to express our thanks to the members of the Nursing School Office for their patience and guidance during our three years here. And to Miss Connal, whose outstanding ability and kindly interest led us so skillfully through our initial term, we wish to express our special thanks. To her we cannot express in words our deep appreciation.

MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT



J. D. Heaslip, M.D.

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1949-

You are now members of a noble profession. A profession which has for its prime object "the service it can render humanity". That service is further interpreted in your case as the maintenance of health and the post-ponement of death. It is the dedication of your knowledge, your powers, and your gifts to the services of others, rather than to the acquisition of material wealth.

You must believe in the greatness of your profession, its dignity, its stability, its real importance and its essential strength. I know you will reflect honour and credit to your profession and I hope you will derive from it the happiness that makes life worthwhile, and that you will be held in grateful remembrance by those whom you have served, and in respect and esteem by the Confrere's with whom you have lived and worked.

Sincerely,

J. D. HEASLIP, M.D.











Second East

We have all spent some time during our training days on Second East—storing memories in the log of time.



Miss Johnson

—The Operating Room phoning at 6:55 to inform us that Mr. X is booked for surgery, creating a hustle and bustle to get the "prep" done and finally going off duty saying "It's all in a day's work."

—Some of us will never forget going all over the hospital to get the doctors to sign the "book". Or the times we have gone to the T.S.O. with all the broken thermometers, the tray somehow having slipped to the floor.

—Admitting at 7:00 p.m.—You get the clothes book,—you get the orderly—you make up the chart—you—you and before we know it the patient is in bed, the doctor is phoned and then off we go.

—Keeping close watch on all sick and delirious patients and rushing around for a dressing room suturing.

Yes, these are just some of the things that have filled the chapters of our diaries and provided the highlights of our training period.



Third West



Miss Hooper

Miss McRoberts

We have now reached the top of the second flight of stairs and womens' surgical extends to both right and left but let us first turn to the right and see Third West.

359! What is that in the large frame with all those pulleys and ropes and heavy bags? Oh! That's a Balkan Frame extending some poor patient's broken leg.

Over there? A probationer is staying with a patient who has just returned from the Operating Room. These patients are never left until they completely regain consciousness because careful vigilance is necessary in regards to color, pulse, respiration and intravenous medication.

All along the left side are the private and semi-private rooms. On the right we see the Kitchen where the trays are set up and the food is dished piping hot, this way to appeal to the greatest extent to our patients' diminished appetites.

The desk—the little work slip under the mica, the chart cupboard with every chart in its place, and the order book checked and carried out. The medicine cupboard—the blanket cupboard kept neatly by the Probies,—the dressing room ready for immediate use, and our twenty bed ward are all part of Women's Surgical Third West.













Gauze Room

GAUZE ROOM BLUES

The morns are dark and dreary, When we stagger, rather weary, To our posts throughout the hospital, you see, But the place that keeps us snoring And by far the one most boring Is the position of the Gauze Room, you'll agree?

First we argue over time slips
And who's to make the ward trips,
And when that's settled we get down to work!
Sorting covers by the score,
And then filling them once more,
Knowing all the while our duty we'll not shirk!

Then a full hour after, (We are on hour dafters!)
We've covers filled and put in various bags.
Someone to the O.R. goes
By the Autoclave she stows
Our little cart which shows "Unsterile" tags.

Then when coffee time draws near We all shed a little tear
For we must leave our Gauze Room for a while;
But we return too soon
Stopping at the Sewing Room
For rags for still more covers (what a pile!)

We have a "ripping" time (Gee, this one's hard to rhyme!)
Making all the various covers the right size
With that stamping that you hear
We make "4 x 4's" and "EAR",
"Laps", "8 x 4's", "COMPRESS GAUZE" and "EYES".

These finished we've a hunch
That it's time to go to lunch
So gaily to the Dining Room we go!
And then our "Hours off" . . .
('Til we think we've had enough!)
Then back we plod with steady step—but slow!

Again, we visit every ward Collecting covers by the hoard And sort and fill them 'til our work is done. Then we clean up "spic and span" Empty the old garbage can; And at seven o'clock we drop the keys, and run!

You may think 'tis easy life
But you know not half the strife
That goes on in those four walls 'til you've been there!
For it's not a bed of roses,
You'll need it in small doses—
Otherwise you'll find you'll tear your hair!

-Ruth Ragg, 1947.



Miss Von Gruenigen

Third East

Now let us turn to Third East. The type of patients here are similar to those we have just seen on 3W, but the floor is only half the size. Let us stop for a minute in the kitchen—

Food cart, toaster, shelves with trays. Hmmm! What's on this tray? Potato puff, sliced chicken, creamed celery. It is good and hot! Yes, Mrs. — will like that.

At the desk, all the work is organized. Each patient's prescriptions are carefully filled out and fluids, drainages, medicines accurately charted. That is the lock cupboard and inside are the clothes and some linen tucked away for a rainy day. On the right hand side of this corridor are the semi-rooms and on the left side are the general wards. At the end of these we see the neatly kept linen cupboard—sheets, gowns, spreads, etc. The hopper room with clean smelling basins and rows of pans. You must see our cheery looking private rooms at the other end.

Due to the thoughtfulness of our supervision, the patient's comforts, likes and dislikes are always considered.





Fourth Floor







Miss Auld

Miss Bock

Miss McFarlane

Accident beds, quickly! Four cases coming in right away. The rooms are full, they will all have to go into the corridors. An intravenous must be started immediately. Would you take those requisitions to the lab please? This is routine on fourth floor.

Here we see male surgical patients seeking aid for every type of ailment from craniotomy to amputation of the great toe. Treatments vary as greatly as do the patients and operations. Everything from pencillin to foments must be carried out.

The orderlies play an important role. For if it wasn't for them, who would be General Joe. Who would cut the casts, make the Balkan Frames give the enemeta, move the beds, do the heavy lifting, and who would drink the coffee in the kitchen, which is brought over from the cafeteria? Thanks to the orderlies, our duties are made lighter.

Every patient, whether in private room or in corridor, whether in Balkan Frame and sectional mattress or on a soft spring-filled mattress—all get the same care, the same consideration and enjoy their stay in hospital—we hope.

We now have a Stryker bed.



Fifty-three





In the morning after sun-up it was so still you could almost hear yesterday going down the back stairs.







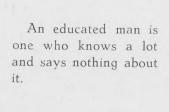
















Operating Room





Miss Baker

Miss Klein

The Operating Room, situated on the west end of the fourth floor of our Hospital, is the setting for an important and interesting part of our training. It consists of a workroom, desk areas, a sterilizing room, the Doctors' Room, a small X-Ray Room, and four Major and two Minor Operating Rooms: Here, under the efficient and helpful guidance of our Supervisor, Miss Baker; the Assistant Supervisor, Miss Klein, and the Graduates, we spend three fascinating months.

Each student starts at the bottom as Junior and works to the top or Senior. Each week the duties vary, starting with the initial training of the cleansing of instruments, enamel, gloves, etc., progressing each week into a new type of work until we have been taught the technique of scrubbing; wearing gown and gloves; waiting on a room during an operation; assisting with minor operations, and later, major operations; the principles of sterilization of all O.R. supplies; how to check gloves; how to prepare all linen and gowns for sterilizing for operations; how to set up rooms for Ops.; the selection and care of instruments for minor cases and how to prepare all O.R. supplies including dressings, linen, solutions, etc. Of the three months, two weeks are spent on night duty. In this time, the nurses handle emergency cases; make supplies; sterilize supplies and prepare the rooms for the following day.

This, then, is the O.R., a busy exciting unit which supplies a valuable training to our nurses.



Do you remember?-

1—Your first week and all the scrubbies. 2—Your first T & A. 3—Classes in draping, and our friend. 4—Lunch at 2.00 p.m. and the imperial that refreshes. 5—Making dressings on Sundays by the dozens. 6—Saturday: cleaning. 7—Your Sunday on sutures. 8—ALL and we mean all the emergencies.







O.R. Saturday Night

The usual dose is seven Taken as the case may be But mine turned out eleven And then another three Now this is Sat. to which I call Your attention now as this is all. I worked awhile at counting things And this is where the fun begins, I climbed up ladders till I thought If I climbed one more I'd be apt to drop, So, just for a change I'd go have a look, At Bessie and Betsy and the little black book. Bess is slow with an hour load. Betsy makes up like a hopping toad, I run a cart down to the back (I know how 3W likes that?) And empty—Betsy—with a learned nack, Then a refill and turn on the steam.

We work together like a willing team; But Bessie, big autoclave, is so slow I guess I will to supper go Return once more my rounds to make Of Bess, etc., and then to take The count of dressing by the score Just for variety upon the floor (I used the table) Fifty-six, fifty-seven, the telephone rings, Accident—yes, right away--yes-yes-Bang!—We now begin This can go on the whole night long, But lucky for me not when I was on, After interruptions like this and so Back once more to counting I go. Of course I've forgotten and have to restort But finally load up the last O.R. cart, And straighten up my aching back To find I've lost all track of time. I must tidy up for seven is nigh, Whoopee!-only I heave a big sigh. This may be exaggerated here and there, But when you are finished go sleep if you dare.





Miss Jacobson



Miss Freeborn



Miss Hashman

Diet Kitchen

And last, but not least, our tour brings us to the fifth floor, the very top of the building, where one of our essential industries is carried out. Here, above the aches and pains, our food is prepared and though at times we hate to admit we all eat or live or should we say live to eat?

This department is divided into two sections, the main kitchen where skilled cooks prepare the food that makes up the full light and soft diets and the diet kitchen in which the nurses concoct the contents of the unusual diets.

The junior nurse spends most of her time and energy behind a large stack of pots and pans after having been educated in the technique of cooking porridge without burning it, and making chocolate syrup without boiling it over.

In close opposition we see another nurse preparing all the oddities of special diets. Her job does not stop when she goes off duty, for then she must take the menu and sort out what the cardiac nephritic and sippy diets, etc. are allowed. For these patients she substitutes the various dishes, to which they are restricted for the items they are not allowed on the general menu.

When you have been in the diet kitchen a set length of time, you work on diabetic diets. These girls sit and weigh the different foods they have selected for diabetic patients. They then store these foods in the refrigerator on large trays being very careful not to slip and spill the contents en route to cold storage.

After spending the allotted time in these different sections, the last week in the diet kitchen is very varied because the senior nurse spends this week filling in the different stations as each student has her day off. After a training of this kind he who says a nurse is a poor cook may be right.











How seldom we weigh our neighbors in the same balance as ourselves.



To be wronged is nothing unless you continue to remember it.







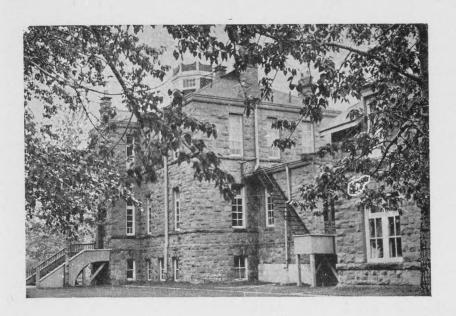








ISOLATION



AT ISOLATION

I'll never forget my days over here, For the days all seemed at least a year. We had two at least and twelve at the most And scarlet fever was all that we had to boast.

It seems that our patients just had the knack To catch chicken-pox, or measles when ready to pack, They were only to stay for their twenty-one days, But on the nineteenth their spots were like a maze.

With milk on the hour and water galore, There was always a bedpan coming in at the door. The pills, of which there were only a few, Were really so tasteless the wee ones could chew.

The food over here was abundant and more, In fact, eating almost became a big bore. Miss Campbell entertained us with style galore, So here's thanks for our training expressed once more.

-N. Gilchrist.

EDITORIAL



Miss Staples

Ever since the days of the cave man, human beings have suffered the effects of fractures, wounds and other ills. In the dark ages, hospitals were houses of the sick and dying, filled with filth and corruption.

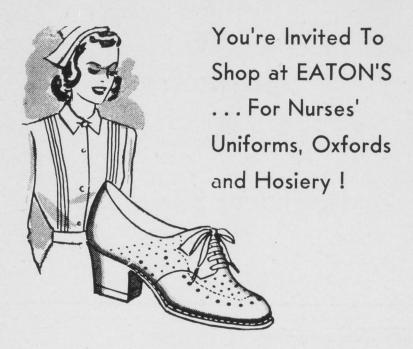
As man progressed, his hospitals improved and today are filled with people whom, after receiving surgical and medical care, leave the hospital better fit to face the trials of life than when they came.

In this edition of our year book we have tried to take you, the reader, on a tour of all our wards and let you share the experiences of the patient.

In trying to accomplish this fact we have also tried to give you a picture of a Student Nurse, her character and convictions.

It is our hope that your time was filled with pleasureful entertainment.

May we take this opportunity to say "Patronize our Advertisers—they make our year book possible".



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We came in training not long ago, Leaving homes and loved ones dear; Minds full of expectancy and joy, Ambition, hope and fear. We found the classes a bore at times, Duty hours too busy and long; Less time of our own for leisure: Constantly doing things wrong. But we also found it a great joy To care for the sick, and learn Patience, long suffering, charity, And skill too, in return. So now to leave our classmates and school. Is like leaving home once more To face alone with faith and hope

The unknown road before.

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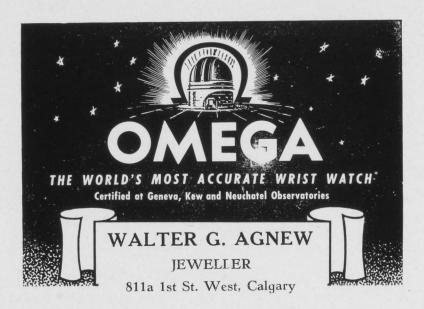
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OUR NURSE

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Her tender hands they ease the pain Her heart is there but not in vain For here her life she gave for all When she said yes to the Red Cross call

On land or sea or in the air, She's by your side with a silent prayer

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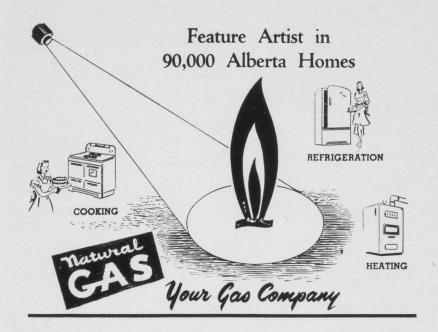
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The world grows brighter year by year

Because some nurse in her little sphere Puts on her apron, and smiles and sings,

And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking temperatures, giving pills To remedy mankind's ills,

Being polite with a heart that rebels, Feeding babies, answering bells,

Longing for home, and all the while Wearing the same old professional smile.

When we report off to cross the bar, Dear Lord, will you give us Just one little star

To wear on the cap of our uniform new

In the ward up above, where the head nurse is You . . .

-Author Unknown.

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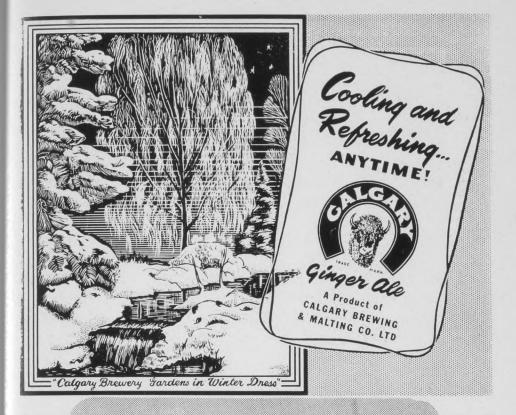
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To stop a nose bleed, stand on your head till your heart stops beating.

The spinal column is a long branch of bones.





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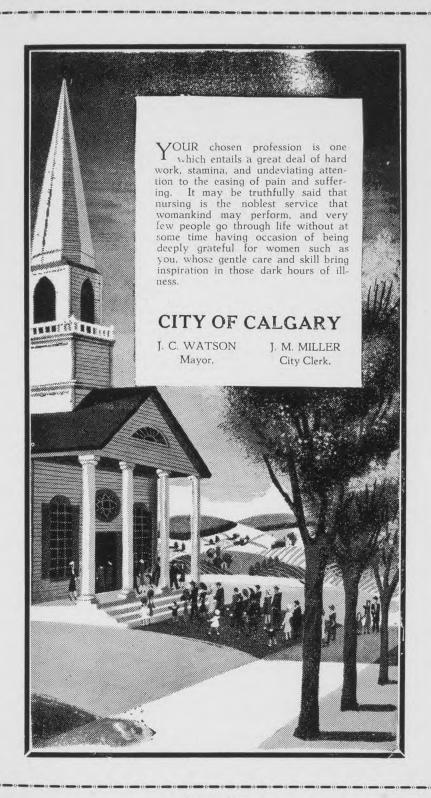
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The doctor's new secretary, a conscientious girl, was puzzled by an entry in the doctor's notes on an emergency case: "Shot in the lumbar region," it read. After a moment she brightened and, in the interest of clarity, typed into the record: "Shot in the woods".







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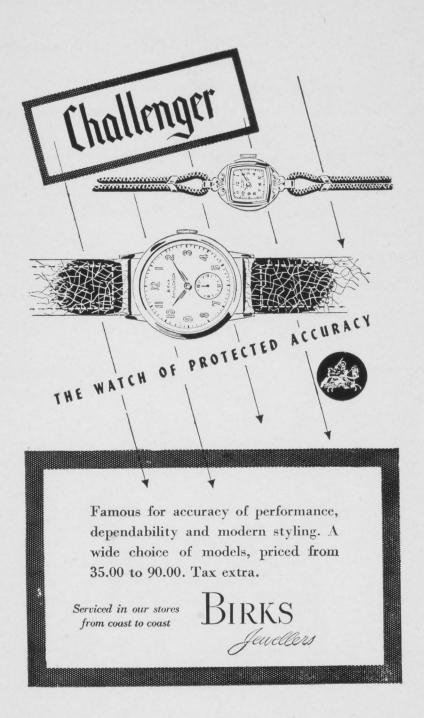
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A nurse in a mental hospital noticed a patient with his ear close to the wall listening intently. The patient held up his finger as a warning to be quiet, then beckoned the nurse over and said "Listen here".

The nurse listened for some time and then said "I can't hear anything", "No," said the patient, "and it's been like that all day."



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AT THE CRYSTAL

The doctor breezed into the room and turned to the nurse. "How is our patient doing?" he asked.

"He's made wonderful progress," she replied; "We're being married tomorrow."

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Thou canst not it recall,
Time is thou hast,
Improve the portions small.
Time future is not,
And nay never be,
Time spent is the only,
Time for thee.

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Harry Hopkins, who is a shy sort of chap, proposed to Louise Macy in this manner: "I was just talking to the President and I asked him whether he thought you would say yes if I asked you to marry me-and the President said he thought you would."

Her answer belongs in the history books: "As usual," she said, "the President is right."

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Success is built on backbone not wishbone.

A woman was helping her husband pick out a new suit. After much disagreement, she finally said, "Well, go ahead and please yourself. After all, you're the one who will wear the suit."

"Well, dear," said the man meekly, "I figure I'll probably be wearing the coat and vest anyway."

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A preacher saw a group of little boys sitting in a circle with a dog in the middle. He asked them what they were doing to the dog. One little fellow spoke up and said, "We ain't doin' nuthin' to the dog; we're just telling lies, and the one that tells the biggest one gets the dog." The preacher told them that he was much shocked, that when he was a little boy he would never have even thought of telling a lie.

The little boy said: "Give him the dog."

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IMAGINATION AND ENTHUSIASM

Take imagination and enthusiasm,
And hitch the two together,
Then fix your gaze on the farthest star
And forget about the weather.

Take a pound of pluck and energy,
And mix with an ounce of thrift,
Then forward-march to the heights ahead,
And don't be begging a lift.

Pick out the hill you want to climb And fix your gaze on the peak, Then blaze your way to the very top, The bottom is reserved for the weak.

Imagination and enthusiasm;
Mark you! this matchless team,
Is yours to harness and drive to the goal,
Of all your heart has dreamed.

Imagination and enthusiasm;
Oh man! if you are wise,
You'll give 'em the rein, then fix your gaze
On the brightest star in the skies.

-W. C. Thurston



